

^ Though I be rude,? as shepherds are^,  
Lilies,,! know, do stand  
for,whiteness! And daffodillies,  
thy gpldeti.hair!

And doves, thy meekness !  
figures bear® Red roses\* for a  
blushirjg brightness 1

Thy teeth, pearls  
were ! That  
incense showed  
Thy breath that blowed,  
A sacrifice I for which gods  
care®

Blest is that Shepherd, nine  
times nine! Which shall, in bosom,  
these flowers keep Bound in one  
posy; whose sweet smell,  
In Paradise may make him  
dwell! And sleep a ten times  
happy sleep!

I dare not melt!  
Else with good will  
PARTHENOPHIL Would to thy  
lips, one kiss assign I

ODE 6,



FAIR sweet glove!  
Divine token Of her sweet love,  
Sweetly broken! By words, siveet  
loves She durst not move! These gifts,  
her love to me do prove!  
Though-never spoken\*  
i' ,

On her fair hand?  
This glove once was 1  
None in this land  
Did ever 'pass ,